

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXII, No. 10.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1941

FOUR PAGES

Negotiating Transfer University Facilities

Bow Writes to Gateway Editor

Dear Jack:

The Gateway has been catching up with me the last few weeks, coming hereby way of Calgary, Vancouver, Vernon, Nanaimo, and Victoria, so I thought a few words to advise you of the address and that the paper is arriving would be in order. I am attached to the staff here temporarily and do not expect to be at this point long, so will notify you of any further change.

At Currie Barracks, Calgary, last year, arrival of The Gateway twice a week was much appreciated by all of the U. of A. boys working there; it is no less welcome this term, for that is practically our only remaining connection with Varsity. About this time last year Bruce Macdonald dropped you a line advising the whereabouts and activities of former Varsity men in the Calgary Highlanders at Currie. All of us have been moved frequently since then.

Bruce (the Moose himself) has transferred to Lord Strathcona Horse and is an expert grease monkey and hell driver at Camp Borden waiting to proceed overseas. Dick Williams has also transferred, and is doing well with an armored reconnaissance outfit in England. Ted O'Meara is back in Calgary after a tour of B.C. camps with me, and will be on his way for ocean excursion within a few days.

Jim Ignatieff is in England with the Highlanders, and will be pleased to be back near old St. Paul's once more. MacAllister is now a married man, and has just returned from Kingston, Ontario. Funny Gregg has been with the unit in England for some time. The U. of A. is certainly well represented in the Calgary Highlanders, as will be seen from the above and the many men who went overseas with the main body of troops.

At any rate, perhaps that will give you of the old guard who still sleep in The Gateway Office or behind a book in the Library an idea of where, what and who the boys are doing these days. Regards to you and your staff, Jack, to Don Carlson, Earl Moffat, Bill Haddad, Burt Ayre, Al Johnson, Les Wedman, Stan Cameron, and any or all of the infamous Press Club members who happen to drop in on you. Many thanks for forwarding The Gateway, and best wishes for continued success this year.

M. N. BOW.

P.S.—What has happened to such outstanding athletic events as The Gateway vs. Law Club Pingball game for the Bayliss Trophy, Sports Staff opposed to the News Staff in rugby on the side lawn, or in the office itself, if the weather was too cold; Pingball in the Arts corridors until caretakers objected, etc.

—M.N.B.

Club to Tour Journal Plant

Second function of the academic year for the Commerce Club will take place Friday afternoon, when club members will be conducted on a tour of the Journal, and afterwards will go bowling at the Recreation Hall. The party will meet at the Journal building at 1:45.

Tours have been revised this year under President Graham Austin, in collaboration with Vice-President Frances Fulton, Secretary-Treasurer Norman McLean, Third Year Representative Ross Alger, Second Year Rep. Frank Meston, First Year Rep. C. Holdsworth, and Robert Torrance, who was elected president of the club last spring, but was unable to obtain sufficient extension of points to keep the position.

NOTICE

Any student who, during the regular course of study or extra-curricular activity, finds it necessary to enter the residence now occupied by the Air Force, will be required to have a PASS.

The managers or presidents of the respective athletic clubs must turn in a list of the members of their organizations to Mr. Fritz, who in turn will obtain passes for everyone concerned, from Mr. West (the Bursar).

It is imperative that these lists be turned in immediately. For any further information, see Mr. Fritz or President of Men's Athletics.

D. ELEFTHERY,
Pres., Men's Athletics.

NOTICE

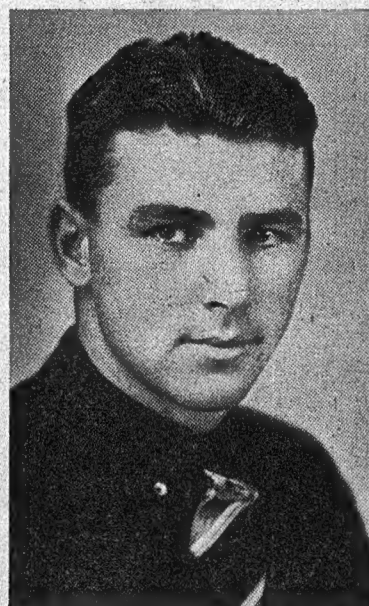
The Radio Club of the Dramatic Society holds auditions for their plays every Saturday, 1-2:30 p.m., and every Monday, 9:30-11:00 p.m., at CKUA. Everyone is welcome to try out.

CHRISTMAS CAKES FOR OVERSEAS



For the last few weeks the House Ec. laboratory has been the scene of nocturnal activity as the House Ecceers have been busy baking cakes for the boys overseas. Altogether, 180 cakes were baked, packed and shipped. Their preparation was done with the co-operation of the Alumni Association. In the top picture we see the girls standing behind a mound of cakes. They are: Ruth McCuaig, Rose Pawluk, Doreen Stetson, Chris Willox, Betty Freeborn, Gerrie Cope, Cay Brock, Marg Viney, Helen Soldan, Alva Ripley, Jean Murray, Jean Staples, Megan Nichols, Therese Beauchemin, and Florence Bonsall. In the centre picture we see Gerrie Cope and Beth Empey outlining a "V" for Victory of Christmas cakes. In the lower photograph are Marg Viney, Jean Murray, Ruth McCuaig, Betty Freeborn, Gerrie Cope, Therese Beauchemin, Marg Shaw, Kay Fergie, Alva Ripley, Bess Morrison, Jean Staples, Helen Soldan, Cay Brock, Rose Pawluk, and Audrey McLeod. They stand before the entrance to the South Lab., their arms filled with cakes. The cakes were carried to the University Post Office, where they were dispatched to the four corners of the world. They went to England, Scotland, Wales, Egypt, Malay and Sierra Leone. All Varsity men overseas will receive one of these cakes in time for Christmas.

FORMER PRESIDENT



Jack Neilson, former president of the Students' Union, who is now with the Canadian Dental Corps. Jack turned up in Tuck Shop over the week-end resplendent in a uniform reserved for His Majesty's commissioned officers.

Bob Buckley Calls First Meeting Frosh Executive; Swing to Action

Freshmen are not finding it hard to get along with each other these days. After the heat of the election battle had died down, they took time out to see what it was all about. Surprised? You bet they were. Here were two parties fighting and arguing about the same thing. Tsk, tsks. What a low state of affairs has politics fallen into now.

It is just about as easy to explain how such a heterogeneous government got elected. Those for the positions of president and secretary-treasurer, who were elected, were honest men; but when it came to the position of vice-president—well, well, oh happy day. On enquiry, it was found that the boys forgot all about party lines and rules and voted for Virginia Thompson. Who wouldn't!

When two unity slates get together there's bound to be a clash; especially over whose party really represented unity. The difficulty was overcome by the formation of the Union Party (not affiliated with C.I.O. or A.F.L., any coincidence being purely natural).

The Unionists, under the President, Bob Buckley, and his mixture, are holding their first meeting next week. Not content to wait for forthcoming suggestions at the meeting, Buckley, Virginia Thompson, vice-

president, and Hu Harries, secretary-treasurer, have already got together and produced a worth-while agenda, which they are going to submit at the executive meeting for comment and approval.

An idea proposed by Buckley and Harries and sweetly seconded by Virginia Thompson, proposes several Freshmen Mixers, their nature to be determined. This "Know Your Neighbor" idea is going to be the unofficial motif for the year. It is the belief that owing to the absence of residences on the campus, the possibilities of the Freshmen and Freshettes getting to know each other are rather slim. Those in the same faculty have had a chance already to meet one another. Now the executive feel that it is time for them all to get together.

Buckley also stated that there would be an effort made to have a big dance. Of course, these functions are subject to influences beyond their control, but he felt that if they could be possibly held, the executive would make every effort to make them bigger and better than before.

In the meantime he cautioned that everybody wait for the results of the forthcoming meeting, and then keep their eyes open.

Date is Set For Inter-year Plays

INTERYEAR PLAYS

Interyear play competition of the Dramatic Society will be held Nov. 28th and 29th in Convocation Hall, with four one-act productions to be presented by the four classes: Senior, Junior, Freshman and Sophomore. John Aitken, director of the Senior play, "How He Lied to Her Husband," by George Bernard Shaw, indicates that his cast of three—Corwin Pine, Queena Wershof and Bill Carr—have overcome most of their difficulties and are soaring ahead to complete success.

Difficulties of the Junior cast seem harder to overcome, if rehearsals can be believed. Robert Graham Black, director of this play, "Hans Across the Sea," by Noel Coward, seems to have a hard time controlling the actors "under his thumb." Apparently the theme of the play (a crazy one) is taken very much to heart by his cast, and as a result everyone goes crazy at the rehearsals. Of course, his cast includes a lot of crazy people, among them Norma Coburn, Evelyn Johnston, Marilyn Diamond, Secord Jackson, Alon Johnson, Ron Goodison, Jim Woods, Gerry LaRue, Norman Putnam and, of course, Robert Graham Black.

A stirring play by Bernard Dyer, "John Doe," will be presented by the Sophomore class, and directed by George Hardy. His cast includes Mary Bowstead, Garth (Bud) Eggenberger, John Caldwell, Jack Sheinin, John Dubeta, Bus Osborne, and Donald Thornton. Their difficulties are also—present.

The Freshmen have made a final decision to present Alice Gerstenberg's play, "Overtones," and the production will be directed by Orville Stratte. Cast of the Frosh play includes Marguerite Hayes, Marg Jones, and Hazel Moore.

SPRING PLAY

Final tryouts for the Spring Play, "You Can't Take It With You," were held last Thursday night. Mr. E. M. Jones, director of the production, has listed the following students for his cast:

Veronica Davies, Mary Watson, Isabel MacGregor, Marguerite Hayes, Berry Austin, Roma Ballhorn, Evelyn Johnston, Judith Demetrovits, Don Thornton, Bill Carr, Alon Johnston, H. Davis, George Hardy, Tom Macdonald, John Aitken, Herb Agnew, J. Yates, Corwin Pine, John C. Dubeta, and Mr. Sluzar.

The Spring Play cast will not begin rehearsals until after the New Year. Direction will be in the hands of Mr. E. M. Jones, and make-up will be done by members of the newly-formed Make-up Club.

RADIO CLUB

A new activity of the Dramatic Society, the Student Radio Club, has been under way for a month, and already two plays have been presented over CKUA. The first play, "Muscles," was presented two weeks ago, and last week the dramatic presentation "Fog," written and directed by Sidney Risk of the Extension Department, was heard.

In this play, Frances Norris gave a beautiful performance, with Tom Macdonald and George Jackson in well-played supporting roles.

The play to be presented this Wednesday will be "The Beautiful Lie," which has been adapted for radio from the stage version by Elsie Park Gowan. There are four characters in this production, which tells the story of an everyday Canadian family and a "little white lie."

Mr. Risk, who is directing the radio plays, is anxious that anyone who is interested in radio work turn out for voice tryouts on Saturday afternoon at one o'clock in the CKUA broadcasting rooms in the Extension Department of the Power House. Frances Norris is chairman of the Radio Club.

Engineers Dance Friday Evening

The Engineers are at it again, only this time they are going to call it an "Informal Evening" or "A Smoker and Dance Combined" or "How to Have a Good Time with an Engineer" or . . . Anyway, Friday evening at eight o'clock all members of the E.S.S. (Exciting Students' Society) and their girl friends, and no others, will be allowed to enter Convocation Hall if they pay a quarter (25c) for an evening of fun and frolic and . . .

And talking pictures will be shown all those present through the courtesy of the Shell Oil Company, which will, so a sign in the Arts rotunda informs us, "be interesting to the gal friend." Guess they will be shown in the dark.

Dancing to the tune of Evan Wolfe's orchestra, the galloping guys and their gals will be entertained throughout the evening by such novelty affairs as a pie-eating contest, elimination dances and things. Bob Inkpen and Norman Murray are in charge of arrangements. So . . .

\$30,000 Compensation Asked By Board of Governors For Release of Infirmary and Gym

Department of National Defence Desires to Enlarge Initial Training School Here

NEW INFIRMARY TO BE BUILT

Also Addition to Varsity Rink

Negotiations with the Department of National Defence and the University of Alberta are fast coming to a head over the question of the release of the University infirmary and gymnasium to the Air Force. For some time now this matter has been hanging in the air, but Dr. Newton announced today that final confirmation from Ottawa is being awaited.

As the matter stands, the Board of Governors have asked the Department for compensation of \$30,000 before they will release the accommodation in question. This money would be used by the University authorities to build a new infirmary on the campus and also to construct a lean-to and a basketball floor at one end of the C.O.T.C. drill hall.

The Department of National Defence wants to increase the size of the Initial Training School here on the campus, but before they could do so they would need the space provided by the gymnasium as a mess hall, and they would also need the eighteen additional rooms which constitute the infirmary.

Dr. Newton said that the University would retain the use of both the infirmary and gymnasium until such time as the new structures would be ready for use. He expressed regret that the negotiations could not have been completed while the weather remained good, and thus prevent the problem arising of constructing new buildings during the winter months.

House Dance Held Saturday Night

Due to the fact that the Sophomore Reception has been combined with the Freshman Reception to be held in the Spring, a house dance was held on Saturday evening in Convocation Hall, and a small crowd of swing enthusiasts turned out for the three-hour jitterbug jamboree. Evan Wolfe and his jam cats played for the guests, and Miss Florence Dodd received at the door.

Noticed among the crowd dancing was last year's president of the Students' Union, Lieut. Jack Neilson, who is stationed in Calgary with the dental corps.

Newmanites Have Monthly Meeting

On Thursday evening, Nov. 13th, the Newman Club held its monthly general meeting. There was a short business meeting conducted by the president, Dick Appleyard. Reports of various committees were considered, and it was announced that St. Joseph's Formal would be held on Friday, Nov. 21st. This year it has been decided to have the dance semi-formal, with Red Cross ribbons instead of corsages. After the business meeting, there was an "Amateur Hour" program, with Lucien Lambert as master of ceremonies. Some members of the club performed, others less hardy formed a very appreciative audience. Surprising talent was discovered. The evening ended with dancing, and was voted a great success.

Med Fems Hold Annual Banquet

Women medical students held their annual banquet at the Macdonald Hotel on Saturday evening, when about fifty students and guests gathered for the occasion. Toastmistress for the evening was Pearl Warren, president of the club. Marion MacRae offered the toast to the University, and Miss F. E. Dodd replied. Toast to the wives of the faculty and women doctors was given by Kathleen Graham, and replied to by Mrs. H. E. Rawlinson.

Dr. Mary Hunter was guest speaker at the dinner, and gave an amusing address under the title, "Reminiscences."

A skit by the second year students in science and medicine on the theme "How Women Don't Get Into Medicine," depicted the life history of a poor girl named "Hortense," who was at last admitted to the medical faculty in 1931, at a doubtful age, who was still in second year medicine in 1935, and who graduated in 1941 to return to her little home town to practice—teaching!

Guests at the banquet included several noted women doctors and many of the faculty wives. Honorary president of the Women's Medical Club is Mrs. R. M. Shaw, who presided at the head table.

Mozart Program By Musical Club Sunday Evening

Naomi Wershof to Sing

MRS. R. NEWTON TO PLAY TWO SOLOS

One hundred and fifty years ago this December 5th, there passed earth's scene the brightest spirit of all musical comedy—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. After the brief triumph of youth, he suffered sharp neglect and harassing poverty, and at thirty-five his remains were tossed into a pauper's grave. Yet through all the ages the wealth of his astonishingly beautiful mind and the sheer loveliness of his music, together with his staunch character, his firm faith and his eminently lovable disposition, will continue to endure him to generation after generation, world without end.

The University Musical Club, on Sunday evening, November 23rd, at nine o'clock in St. Stephen's Hall, will present in tribute a Mozart program. David Appelt in a ten-minute paper will give a vignette of the man Mozart. Naomi Wershof will sing three songs: the aria "Deh Vieni" from the "Marriage of Figaro," "The Violet," and the Cradle Song. Patricia Norris and Jean Eagleson will play the first movement of the Mozart Violin Concerto in A Major, and Mrs. Robert Newton will play two of his finest piano solos, "Fantasia in C Minor" and "Pastorale Variee." Ian Docherty, by means of beautiful records lent by Heintzman Company, will present these famous numbers: "Minuet," composed by Mozart at the age of five; two excerpts from the "Magic Flute"; "Queen of the Night" sung by Melitta Korjus; and "Within These Sacred Halls" sung by Alexander Kipnis; and, in conclusion, "Sinfonia Concertante for Wind Instruments and Orchestra."

No one loving good music will wish to miss this Mozart evening.

Stan Cameron on Active Service

Stan Cameron, a well known athlete on the campus, left Sunday night, Nov. 16, for Calgary en route for Gordon Head on the Pacific Coast.

Stan left University about a month ago, when he put in his application for admission to the Officers' Training School at Gordon Head.

He was well known in athletic circles here. Last year he was president of basketball and a member of the Big Block Club.

Stan Cameron had just started his fifth year of a combined Arts and Engineering course when he decided to join the army. His cheerful presence and his ability will both be greatly missed by his friends and fellow students.

Northerner Dance At Acacia Hall

Acacia Hall was the scene of the regular semi-annual Peace River party on Friday, Nov. 14. As usual, the dance was a big success, and everyone had a grand time. A crowd of about one hundred and sixty-five attended, made up of airmen, soldiers, Varsity students, Normal School students and business school students, all from the Peace River district.

In charge of arrangements were Marvin Jacques and June Thompson. Refreshment, in the form of cakes, were served during the evening.

WATCH FOR YOUR YEAR BOOK DEADLINE

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SINCE the beginning of the '41-'42 session, complaints have been heard about the lack of school spirit on this campus. That it is a serious problem cannot be denied. Our purpose is to examine this question thoroughly, and try to resolve it into a concrete form.

It is almost impossible to put one's finger down and say, "Here we are lacking in school spirit."

THE TUESDAY EDITOR ON SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit or esprit de corps is an elusive, intangible manifestation of the sum total of the individual student's attitude to their University. When it is present and active it is not as noticeable to us as it is to outsiders. When it is absent or non-active, it is noticeable by the general apathy of the student body.

It is an interesting fact that the apathy sets in at the top of the ladder, that is, in the senior classes. If we use the last class elections as a gauge of student interest in campus affairs, we get the following results: In the senior class, 39.3% of the students of that class exercised their franchise; in the junior class the figure is 53.9%; in the sophomore class it jumps to 61.1%, and in the freshman class we get the highest figure at 67.3%. Why is this so?

It is our contention that rather than instill school spirit in new students we gradually knock it out of them. Coming, as freshmen do, from high schools throughout the country, they are possessed of that magnificent exuberance with which most high schools seems to imbue their students. When they arrive on our campus, what effort is made to utilize the spirit that is within them? None!

The Freshman Introduction Committee and its work is not enough. That body merely introduces the new students to the campus, shows them the physical properties of the place, dances and dines them for a week and then folds up, leaving the newcomers stranded and bewildered, to stumble about in their own ignorance of campus affairs. The Committee's contribution to building up a binding love for our Alma Mater is negligible.

The fault does not lie with the Committee, however. It is with our whole organization. Periodically our spirit is bolstered by a rugby game or other function and then allowed to die again. We have no initial, permanent traditions to base our spirit on, and that is why the freshmen lose what spirit they bring with them to the campus. The lack of traditions can be traced to the fact that no substitute was found for the initiation ceremonies when that custom was lost to us. It is not our intention to advocate the return of initiations, for that is quite impossible. However, there should be something to replace them.

For example, we have at this University a very historic banner. Where is it? What is the story behind it? How many students on the campus know about it? It is appalling that so few people here realize that it is the symbol of the power invested in the Students' Council. That banner should be kept in a public place for all students to see and revere. It should form the basis of a tradition, and all freshmen should be instructed in its history and its meaning. But as matters stand now, there is absolutely no interest taken in it at all, and few realize that it even exists.

There is yet another point. When new students come to the U. of A. they are immediately accepted on an equal basis with senior students. The distinction between the classes should be much, much more distinct. Were it so we would have a strong class spirit and a strong school spirit would naturally follow. At

present we are too democratic for our own good, and as a result we find that there is nothing to aspire to in the senior classes. It is these minor and yet all important points which form the foundation of a strong esprit de corps.

At the University of Montana there is an organization known as the Traditions Board which has sweeping powers and whose duty it is to build and maintain school spirit. This body functions for the entire session. The lack of such an organization is extremely apparent on this campus. At Montana the Traditions Board is held in such high esteem that it is second only to their governing body.

We quote here part of a letter on this matter from Bill Bellingham, editor of the Montana Kaimin:

"This is one of the problems—putting it across to the freshmen, for once you get them in the habit of supporting traditions they will usually carry the habit with them throughout the rest of their college. However, it is a noticeable fact that the frosh support the board much more than do the upper classes."

What is to prevent us from following the lead of Montana State University? The onus is on the senior classes, but the responsibility lies with the Students' Council. What we need is a little more go and initiative, more good Canadian "guts" and more of what the sceptics and cynics term "American exhibitionism."

To be brief, we have the esprit de corps—what we need is a Corp d'Esprit.

CALL it apple polishing, call it tubing, it is the same thing. It is the obnoxious custom of shining up to instructors in order that the instructors may be more partial when next spring comes around. It is the habit of smiling, and talking, and questioning, not to better your mind, but to better the tally on the books.

During the last few years the number of persons indulging in apple polishing has visibly increased. Some instructors have adopted a stand-offish

reserve, shunning all advances lest they be accused of showing partiality. Others sometimes fail to discriminate,

reveling in the delight of being shined. To the vast majority of lecturers, however, apple polishers constitute a difficult problem. The lecturer is often puzzled whether the person asking about reproduction in spirogyra is a student honestly seeking knowledge about spirogyra, or whether he is a would-be junior Machiavelli practising his nefarious arts. He does not wish to push the intelligent inquirer aside, nor does he wish to be subjected to apple polishing. It is often difficult to differentiate between the honest student and the spurious impression builder.

Professors and others in positions of authority come to find by experience that real talent is often hidden behind an inconspicuous exterior, and that the retiring fellow who is seldom noticed in the classroom, or the quiet fellow in the drill hall who is incapable of barking orders, is a man worth watching.

In the army especially we should be careful when we judge men by outward appearances. It may be a valuable gift for an officer to be loud, aggressive, self-confident, and fear-inspiring, but such imperceptible qualities as the ability to think constructively and imaginatively, to organize and execute quietly are more essential. Ours is an officers' training corps, not a training school for parade ground sergeants. Parade ground sergeants are a dime a dozen. It is only a question of time and labor to grind out a sufficient quantity. It is impossible to manufacture your captains and majors and colonels. Tacticians and administrative officers are not made; they are found, then developed. And usually they do not go about pushing themselves obtrusively in front of your nose, finding themselves for you. Look in your rear ranks, and there you will find your future generals. There you will find your Kitcheners and your Wavells and your McNaughtons.

Forget the loud or smiling individuals who are looking for self-advancement. Look in the rear ranks, and look at the back of the class. There you will find ability.

IT was announced last week by Dr. Newton that work has been begun on the construction of a new building to accommodate gasoline testing equipment. It is likely that it will be employed chiefly in testing aviation gasoline for the air force.

Although the importance of this addition to the University could be easily over-emphasized, it is true nevertheless that it marks a step forward along a line of development admirably suited to our institution. As

we are all aware, Alberta possesses great petroleum resources. Fields such as that at Turner Valley, Vermilion and Lloydminster are already producing a considerable quantity of oil and gasoline. But our greatest resource, the MacMurray tar sands, remains almost untapped. Locked in these northern sands is the greatest wealth of petroleum in the world. We are able to say with complete assurance that some day Alberta will be one of the largest of petroleum producers.

It is, then, very encouraging to see the University take a step, however so small, in furthering work in petroleum. The building of this testing plant does not mean that more research in cheaper methods of production from tar sands will be conducted, but it does mean that more men at this University will be working with petroleum, gaining not only personal experience, but also building a tradition of work in petroleum on this campus. As such it is a welcome step forward. Let us hope that it may some day be followed by a greater development of research and instructional activity in the field of petroleum at our University.

The gal Goonchild is only a caretaker's daughter, but all the roomers about her are false.

I'm no Sucker--

by john c. dubeta

"Are you attending the Students' Union meeting today?"

I was met with a blunt reply, "Who, me? What do you take me for—a sucker? Haven't you been here long enough to realize that only Freshies and a few benighted Seniors partake of such droll proceedings?"

Truly, I was shocked by such a response, because I had hoped to witness at the U. of A. a fine, ideal example of democracy operative both in theory and practice. I had hoped to see a fully-awake electorate interested in its welfare. Oh, yes, the executive is a democratic body—elected by a minority vote. It is comprised of a conscientious group, willing to render service unstintingly, and to prove itself, in diverse ways, worthy of the responsibilities entrusted to it. What a different spirit is typified by too many of the students in general! One student remarked not having voted in the past two elections, but would use his franchise "for a change."

Can a democracy be built on a foundation of apathy? Recall the once-happy and equally careless students of German universities, and ponder whether the price they paid

and are paying for their disinterest isn't too great. How can the grim realization of a civilization on the brink of possible catastrophe and disaster fail to activate us? And when civilization is saved, as certainly it shall be, is a small group of individuals again going to lay down peace terms? Will such a peace offer us sufficient guarantee against further recurrences of the greatest crimes against humanity? Will it ensure us an equitable social order based on fraternity and justice?

I fancy myself hearing a reader (presumably that at least one is still sufficiently interested to continue reading) remark, "What has this eulogy, dissertation, got to do with my failure to attend a S.U. meeting?" It has everything in the world to do with our affairs in school. We must learn to take full advantage of our opportunities and, as Dr. Newton remarked, thereby render, for the time being, our best services. While others are protecting us from the ruthless clutches of nefarious, depraved monsters seeking world domination, must we at home neglect our responsibilities to such an extent that would render the defend-

Men of the Mechanized Footwear or The Finer Points of Roller Skating

By Cecil C. J. Davis

Have you ever roller-skated? If so, you need read no further. But if you feel your education in this line has been neglected, read on.

Are you going to roller skate? Yes! Good. But I warn you, you won't feel that way after the first time. But by then it's got you like a drug. I know you will be back again for some of the same. You're getting impatient for instruction? OK. But remember, I've only tried it twice, but it gave me plenty of ideas.

Since one must first know the principle behind everything, I'll start there. The roller skates (plural because there are two) are built on a principle that defies friction in all directions. If that is not clear you will understand when get on them. I might add that these skates have four wheels and no brakes. Very well, I see you understand, so let's get aboard.

It's not so simple as that. If there is no boy there to put them on for you, you must put them on yourself, by yourself. But then, you being a person of intelligence, will no doubt be able to fasten the ankle strap, but the foot part, how the hell—does that work.

"You use the key," someone will volunteer. That's good advice, but don't let your imagination run away with you, for there isn't any lock—no, no lock. Sorry. The key is really a wrench and it works the things-mum-jig that makes the do-jiggers clamp your sole (no puns, please). After experimenting, you will finally learn in which way to turn the do-jigger to get the desired results. Hey, aren't you smart; you have them on!

Careful, don't let me flatter you; you haven't stood up yet. Careful now. Good. You can skate now, or at least you can try. Most people at this time feel the need for a cushioned ride, which of course is against the rules. You are supposed to stand to skate. That's right. The floor is waxed too, so don't trust to the seat of your pants to slow you down.

My knowledge of ways and means is rather meagre at this stage. But since it is said "That a fool learns by his own mistakes and a wise man learns from the mistakes of others," I'll tell you carefully of my experience and you can be wise. (I know what that makes me, but don't tell anyone.)

I left you on your feet, didn't I? Or did I? Well, if not, get up then and follow me. Notice carefully how I get started. Follow suit, but don't stop to think of the similarity to being stuck to two wet bars of soap in the bathtub. If you do, the results are the same. We're not going to synchronize of mind, hips and feet is called for now. Notice how gracefully I sway my hips and struggle for forward motion.

Good, we are gradually leaving the stationary stage. What the censored—some—censored—so and so pushed us. Good work, good old railing to hang on to. I wasn't quite so lucky, my head went through the wall. But it can take it. (My head, I mean.) Doggone everyone! They seem to think that it is funny. Consolation—sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Don't let it get you down, though. You can laugh some day, too. Fun, though, isn't it? Don't answer. I know. We're going again. "Ever been on ice skates? Good, you can turn the corner."

"Say, we've got all the way around! Boy, it is fun." But pride before a fall—in my confidence I got careless and misplaced my centre of gravity to the rear. Immediately I was flying through the air, not with the greatest of ease, nor was the landing a perfect three-pointer—just two, and painful. As I hope you are standing yet, allow me to describe the scenery from here. Really, it's delightful after the pain. Colors, so many nice colors. But how could it be? It wasn't my head I landed on. Now everything went black—I was engulfed—I was a hazard—I was piled on. Someone's bony knee gave me a gander's neck.

Finally, they were able to drag me to my feet, battered and bruised, but undaunted. (Latter word meant

to inspire confidence in any chance pupil). Next thing was to dodge a damsel in distress—she was down, but her knees were out (of her stockings, of course). Being the gallant type and feeling that perhaps I am strong enough, I lift. I have. Unfortunately, she wasn't the type to diet, so when she was nearly upright I was forced to lean back a little. A foolish thing, but how was I to know! Between the services rendered by various members of his Majesty's services, I was up again and propped against the wall, or I should say, draped over the wall. (The roller skates wouldn't allow propping.)

But I didn't stay there long—could I allow a Goose to worry over a Gander? (You didn't know before, did you—it surprised me, too.) No, sir, not me. Of course, the music has been playing all this time. Music, you say? Of course there was; you are supposed to keep in time, too. But I suspected the main purpose was to drown out the walls and groans of the wounded and to give pleasant thoughts to the dying. Nice to think your soul can keep in time with the other departing souls. At about this stage a sign goes up telling us to clear the floor. Then a sign, "Ladies only."

That was the life. Off goes the Gooses, and all the Ganders were left to gander at the "Gooses." I was greatly revived when one delightful Goose—not up on the technique of turning alone—came flying into my welcoming arms. But woe was me, she wouldn't stay.

But we Ganders were soon in the running again. Only this time we go around the floor in a new direction. Tain't fair, I said, but the goose must skate, and so must I. I found that on the corners a centripetal force or centrifugal force would be helpful. You know, the force that keeps you from being thrown out (not out of the rink). Wonder of wonders, I make one corner, two corners. But on the third—the third I lost one of my skates. Follow closely now if you are to learn. Catching the rail and lifting and looking most ruefully at the offending skate, I found that the other skate must follow the rules or laws of magnets. It is attracted suddenly to the lifted skate. Result: some not graceful movements, a scraped side, a wrecked joint or two, and much merry laughter (not mine). While in this position I almost become the foundation-stone for another Goose. But she got up and I—well, I found that my joints plus everything else affiliated with movement were threatening to go on strike. But, as you know, a Goose must never be let down.

Finally, joy of joys, the evening comes to an end. Now is the time you will have to make full use of all the skills you have acquired. You must come from full speed ahead to attention, instantly, at once. What for? They play "God Save the King" without warning. But take a tip—"grab the rail." Make a quick recovery, and remember that a good soldier stands still at attention with his thumbs at the seam of his pants.

Flash!—A new sign goes up with words to this effect, "We are all in the front line." Don't we know it, don't we know it.

I leave it to your own ingenuity to get down to your knees to remove your Goose's skates. (Pardon me, perhaps I am a little late, maybe she is no longer a Goose.) Now get your own off. Now comes the test you didn't think of—stand up. Got fallen arches? If not, you are lucky. If the floor feels like a floor, you don't feel like I did. My feet had lost faith in me and they didn't know how to act any more. I'm not a drinkin' man, either. Just a mere shell that was me. (Was? Am.)

Now, if you have followed my instructions, or I should say, if you were wise you will be able to enjoy the gal friend's company on the way home. But if you weren't as wise as I hoped you would be, just hope she is the sympathetic type.

P.S.—Any who desire lessons in the art of roller skating will find me every day but Sunday in my office at the Morgue from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

ers' sacrifices vain? At University we profess no interest in how our fees are spent; we shall profess no interest in how our taxes will be spent when we graduate. Too much occupied? Overworked? "Let George do it"? We will only realize that life outside of school will entail double the work and responsibilities we while students. What of democracy, then, when apathy in our own vital affairs will have been too deeply engrained? "Georges" have a habit of having things done for themselves alone.

"Oh, John Public will realize his own salvation." Truly, we are unworthy of ourselves in retaining our precious gems of knowledge and failing to lend "poor John" the needed assistance to enjoy a fuller life. Dr. Mott challenged us to be fully alive and serviceable. Service may be rendered only when we have acquired the right amount of practice and self-discipline in our own affairs.

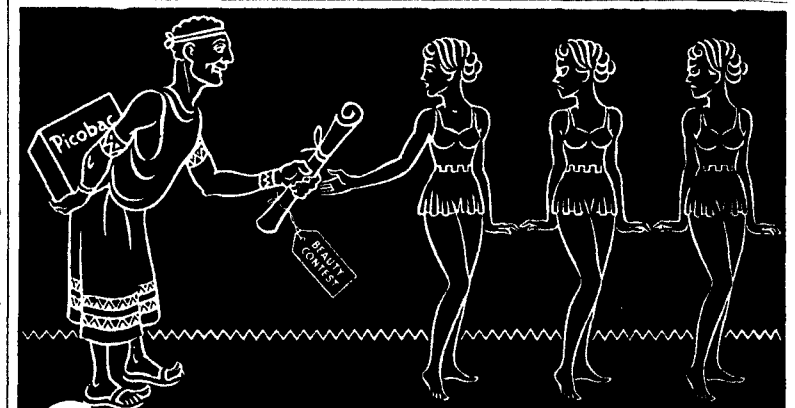
About one-quarter of the students attended the S.U. meeting last Saturday. This, more or less, confirmed Dr. Newton's approximation that in any community between a quarter to one-third of the population is sufficiently interested to participate in matters pertaining to economics. It is to be bewailed, however, that a so-called "elite group" couldn't go

the public one better. After all, the public has a right to expect a certain amount of guidance and example from us. We, on the other hand, appear to be in need of it from others. True, nothing world-shaping and spectacular was transacted at the meeting. You may rightly say that the budget figures were available in The Gateway, which paper rendered attendance unnecessary. But a shrug of the shoulders will not improve the budget next year, assuming that nothing much could have been done about it this year. We live during a crucial period—in a world of momentous decisions. We cannot and must not go according to former years' standards. Which would you have preferred?

\$900 of our fees spent to finance two rugby trips to Saskatchewan, or a \$1,000 bond payable to our University to help beat Hitler?

Spending all the \$9,600 in fees, or experimenting with rigid economy to ascertain a possibility for general fee reduction for students next year?

Over 100 per cent. attendance would have aided in a fuller expression of opinion towards formulation of better plans for the future. Otherwise neglect will become a habit, playing into the enemy's hands, and one day when we suffer a rude awakening, we shall ruefully say: "What suckers we were!"



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SPARE



the engineer's mustache

Now I had a mustache, as all the world knows. A brown little blotch 'neath the tip of my nose; It was harmless and shed not a hair on my clothes.

One day, sitting dozing from class "Polly Ec", I felt some large hands closing fast round my neck, The ensuing scenes were in Alberta Tech.

Some huge, muscle-bound, grunt-and-groan Engineers, Internally strengthened by forty warm beers, Acted as always their twelve manly years.

They took the wee mustache and gave it a drink, Put some "Colgate's" on top and—It pains me to think,— But my poor little mustache went over the brink.

A true friend is gone, and I'm now bereft, With only the stub ends to show what is left, Though the barber who finished the job was quite deft.

The thought behind this is, as you may suppose, How those Engineers strove to get under my nose! Lord, what man won't do to be near that which blows!

J.D.P.M.

The Tangle O' The Isles

By W. T. CUTT

One of the occupations of Orcadians today, or at least of fifteen years ago, is that of making kelp. The wind-swept islands are subject to many storms, especially in winter, and seaweed is driven ashore. The ware—seaweed—is used for two purposes: for enriching the soil and for making kelp. The foreshore is subject to certain laws, one result being that one man has a right to the seaweed on a hundred-yard stretch in one section, and also on a similar stretch on a part of the shore a mile away, and so on. Consequently one loses no occasion to help the sea in its effort to land seaweed on his own foreshore.

When a north-wester blows, the kelp is up and about before the first glimmer of dawn. He shoulders his ware-pick, a tool resembling a very heavy bundle-fork, but with its thick tines set at right angles to a thick handle, and he departs from the shelter of his home. Buffeted by the blast, lashed by the flying spume, breathless from but stimulated by the ozone-laden hurricane, he walks over the slippery rocks of the beach, ever peering into the darkness to catch a glimpse of the shadowy masses of seaweed showing black against the broken waves. When he spies a drift, he wades in with his pick, pulls and tugs at the mass, and drags it up out of reach of the sea. A big wave roars in; he moves with it, then sets himself against the backwash. All the while the winds howl a ghostly chorus—short whines followed by a long wail, and the great Atlantic billows roll into the little bay, to roar in wrath at the unyielding rocks. Suddenly the laborer notes a huge crested breaker charging in. He rushes up the beach, a crash sounds behind him, and foam-strewn waters flow

right over the seabank. An enormous drift of red-ware is piled high on the shore. There is no further need to strive with the pick. He surveys the drift, finds two medium-sized flounders among the weed, and starts for home with and for his breakfast. He will return "with the ebb," and begin work on the drift.

For the next month the kelp is busy. In that mass of seaweed lying on the beach are long stems which the storm has wrenched from the rock-bottom of the ocean. Each tangle, as he calls the stem, carries a blade of foliage, which he cuts off with a gully. The docked stems are piled in bundles, and are carried up the beach where they are allowed to dry. This is slimy, slippery work. The drift seems to ooze slime after it has lain on the rocks for a few days. In order to hold the tangle which he is pulling from the pile, the kelp grabs a handful of shingle, or shell-sand, every now and then. The broken shell digs into the palms, but not deep enough to draw blood, and it does make his grip stick. The beach is slippery, and a man finds falling very easy when staggering over the pebbly rise with a "scutful" of nimble and elusive tangles. Hands often bear scars, which are the marks left when the head was shielded in a fall. "Steithes" are built on the sea-bank, of flat stones rounded by the waves, and the tangles, when dry, are stacked on these airy foundations, where they remain until they are burned. Each gale tears up from its sea-bed more of the red-ware, and the stormier the winter the busier the kelp. His work continues in the tempest when huge curving green mountains of sea race shoreward to break in thunder upon the black rocks, sending white spouts of spray skyward. His work goes on while the lazy waves roll the beach pebbles to bether interminably, while the chatter of thousands of herring-gulls, picking worms out of the rotting weed, sounds in his ears, and while his nostrils contract with the stench of ammonia, which is seen to rise in a white mist from the "brook."

Perhaps the sea-trees shed their leaves in spring. In the month of April, when the beach has been cleaned by the March spring tides, which rise higher and ebb lower than spring tides do at other seasons, large masses of seaweed, without tangles, are washed ashore. The kelp leads the ware on to a hand-barrow, and with the assistance of one of the family, carries it up and spreads it on the links—sandy ground covered by coarse bent-grass—to dry. The hand-barrow is made of two two-by-fours of about ten feet in length held together by two three-foot cross-pieces one inch thick, while cross-ropes form a net bottom. The weed

is coiled like hay, when dry, and is kept handy to the pit.

These pits, circular in shape, about five feet in diameter and about two feet deep, lie all along the shore. Sometimes the winter storms obliterate them, and then the kelp digs others. Flat stones are carried up the beach, and are placed on end immediately inside the circumference of each, with margins touching, and sods are used to even up the ground-level with the upper ends of the stones. Around the outside edge of the pit, blocks of stone are placed at intervals, with large flat pebbles resting upon them, so that the fire will have ventilation when the seaweed is piled high over it. In the month of May the islesman rises with the sun, procures a bundle of straw, packs a lunch, and starts out for the pit. The straw is ignited and dry ware is piled on. When the fire is drawing well, he piles on the dry tangles. All day long the fire is kept going with alternate layers of weed and tangle, the tender sniffing tearfully the pungent reek when the lee side is stoked. Whenever a hole glows red clear through, it is plugged up with seaweed. All day long the kelp is regaled with the melodies of many larks. Before the sun is up, the music floods the air; far into the serene northern twilight the magical strains are continued. On the placid waters of the bay eider ducks swim, every now and then giving vent to their peculiar barking cough. Large black-backed gulls, propelled by powerful pinions, cleave the air. Out to sea a gannet hovers, then drops like a stone, sending up a miniature fountain of spray. Two porpoises, pale-whales, the islesman calls them, gambol beyond the skerry, never failing to do their about-turn as they come to the surface. The pits, at intervals, smoke along all the beaches. The green islands and islets lie under a blue sky, in a dark blue sea. "Burning days" are happy days.

As night approaches, the fire burns low. Now comes real co-operation. The kelpers gather together, the community kelp-rakes and spades are brought, and a round of the pits is made to see which are nearest ready for raking. The purpose of this operation is to ensure complete combustion of the thick parts of the tangles, by mingling the hot centre kelp with that of the outside edge. The rake is about seven feet long, four feet of inch-square iron with five inches of one end bent at right angles, and the other end socketed on a thick wooden handle three feet long. The spade is like an ordinary long-handled garden spade, only the steel part is four feet long, and the whole is very heavy. The rake-men move round and around the pit raking the molten kelp thoroughly from the bottom, while the spade

(Continued on Page 4)

CINEMA SYNOPSIS

By CORWIN PINE

I was talking to some friends a week or so after Cinema Synopsis first appeared, when the conversation happened to shift to the movies.

"It's all very well for you to recommend reviews," said one girl, "but I'm a nurse, and I haven't got time to loaf at Tuck, reading Esquire and Liberty. The boy friend takes me to a show about once a week. When he's flush, we go over to a first-run picture; otherwise it's the Garneau or Varsoona. I've been letting him pick what we see, but he doesn't know the good ones any more than I do. We got stuck with that awful George Formby picture at the Rialto. Then last night we saw "Arizona" at the Garneau, and it wasn't so hot, either. You say it's our own fault for choosing the wrong things, but how are we going to tell? Could you maybe write a column for The Gateway recommending some of the good shows that are coming up?"

"Sure," said one of the boys. "Why don't you do that? I hate to admit it, but nearly every one I know reads your stuff, and they might be glad of a little advice."

"But how about all the people who can't afford first-run shows?" another fellow proffered his two-bits worth. "They have to take what they can get cheap on the South Side. Recommendations won't help them any good. And do you ever like anything but a serious picture? Lots of us would go for a comedy once in a while, too, you know."

Well, this spot has been waiting for me quite a long time, and now I'm on it.

I'd like to give the nod to a good comedy, sure, but I haven't seen one for ages. I wouldn't wish Abbott and Costello on my worst enemy, and suppose I had spoken favorably of "The Bride Came C.O.D."? The moans would have been heard for miles. "It Started With Eve" was as human and funny as any one could ask, but I classed it as a musical.

"When Ladies Meet" was a problem play, not a comedy. So, I think, was "Unfinished Business," essentially. Both were satisfactory enough; the first, in particular, had some very good moments, but don't feel you're missing anything if you fail to pick them up second-run.

It so happens that I can specify some new comedies which ought to be themselves worthy of the name, but more concerning these in a moment.

To make Cinema Synopsis into a preview of forthcoming films is almost an impossibility. You see, I am in the same position as all the rest of you, with regard to actually seeing new pictures. Indeed, many of you get to them before I do. My column is designed to give purpose and direction to discussions of the movies after they have been here, or at best, during their local run.

If I attempt to forecast pictures, I will lay myself open at once to the charge that I am merely quoting other reviews. This would not be the case, since the thing for which I campaign most earnestly is cinematic integrity, and I hope I am not hypocrite enough to parrot the opinions of others as my own. Nevertheless, the suspicion would be there, and it would not be conducive to trust in the recommendations I put forward.

However, there does seem to be a genuine desire on the campus for some sort of cinema selection, so, anticipating distrust, I am going to devote the next two weeks to suggestions of film fare for the fall and winter. (That line might have come direct from an Eaton's Catalogue, but let it stand.) The information given here, then, let it be understood, is taken from professional reviews; the conclusions drawn from it are mine alone, and may frequently differ from the sources. You are free to accept these pearls of prediction, as you like; I am convinced in my own mind, at least, that they are not being cast before swine.

This week, there are a number of shows which will satisfy you, provided you can afford the time and the money. Good pictures, that is, but not extraordinary. Next week I shall list those few films which are likely to make 1941 a banner year in the history of the screen. Have you the scissors handy? It's a shame to mutilate The Gateway, I know, but you simply must save this column for future reference.

1. "You'll Never Get Rich"—Fred Astaire's new military musical, with delectable Rita Hayworth said to be his surest partner, since Ginger Rogers went dramatic, and with Bob Benchley contributing his very

special brand of clowning. Tunes by Cole Porter. If you think American preparedness consists of nothing but Veronica Lake and the Andrews Sisters, try this.

2. "Lydia"—Merle Oberon's latest romantic film: produced by Alexander Korda; directed by Julien Duvivier, who did the "Great Waltz" so eloquently. For a sorority theatre party, unbeatable. Better take along a handkerchief, might have a chocolate malted after.

3. "The Chocolate Soldier" (Apropos of soft drinks)—Strauss music of the recent Empire Opera score given as libretto to Molnar's "The Guardsman," which was done beautifully on the screen in 1933 by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Nelson Eddy loosens up, they say. Perhaps (whisper it gently, the very walls have Jeanette MacDonald fans lurking behind them) he is glad to be away from the cloying atmosphere of "Bitter Sweet" and "New Moon."

4. "Ladies in Retirement"—Previously plugged. Have since learned that Elsa Lanchester is also a member of the cast. Those who saw the Little Theatre stage presentation will understand how the scene (for example) in which Ellen Creed sees her nephew's manufactured ghost should be guaranteed to curdle the blood of any audience. For those who have been seeking a psychological substitute for Boris Karloff.

5. "Lady Be Good"—This opulent, rambling re-make of an old stage musical I list chiefly because Ann Southern sings "The Last Time I Saw Paris," that Jerome Kern melody which does things to people inside. Added attractions are Robert Young, Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell, who has the same magic without skates as Sonja Henje with them.

6. "International Squadron," which I hope won't be passed up by the dozens of folk who were disappointed in "Dive Bomber" and "A Yank in the R.A.F." This is no vehicle for a glamour boy with a few news-reel shots sandwiched in as publicity value. You will find it a tough and vivid aviation film, minus elaborate technical details, but with taut, expert characterizations from Ronald Reagan, James Stephenson, and Olynpe Bradna. See it if only to get your last glimpse of Stephenson, the magnificent British character actor who appeared in "The Letter," "Flight to Destiny," and just a few weeks ago, "Shining Victory." His death through heart failure last summer is Hollywood's greatest loss in many months.

Do not confuse this picture with "International Lady," currently playing at the Rialto. The latter is solid spy melodrama after the "Foreign Correspondent," "Arise, My Love" formula. If you go for suspense, action and humor, tied it with tomorrow's headlines, don't miss it.

7. "Girl in the News"—A British-made murder mystery which should be turning up in Edmonton soon. Directed by Carol Reed, who put the punch in "Night Train to Munich," it has a competent cast including Margaret Lockwood, Barry Barnes and Emily Williams. You'll remember Williams and Miss Lockwood in "The Stars Look Down," which played here just before Varsity opened. If you weren't around at the time, I hope you are waiting for it to return as impatiently as I.

8. "Man Hunt," which may have been here early in the fall, but I hardly think so. It is all about Capt. Alan Thordike, a big-game hunter who started out to stalk Hitler, but became Gestapo quarry himself. The picture was directed by George Sanders; Dudley Nichols did the screen adaptation; the direction is by Viennese Fritz Lang, who in 1936 made that remarkable study of mob psychology, "Fury."

"Fury" should be revived, if for no other reason than to set Spencer Tracy back on his feet after "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." If you saw Frederic March's Academy Award playing of Stevenson's dual personality in 1932, I advise you not to bother with this 1941 version. I am going myself, but only to compare Ingrid Bergman's slavery with the knockout sexy performance delivered by Miriam Hopkins in '32. Mr. Tracy, I am sure, cannot come up to Mr. March, and both he and Metro should have had sense enough not to try.

Metro shouldn't have taken "Smilin' Through" out of the mothballs, either. Mr. March did full justice to it also in 1932 (that was one of his best years), and he had marvelous support from Norma

Shearer and Leslie Howard. There was great emotional appeal in that filming, a genuine "catch-in-the-throat" quality. But I doubt if even technicolor and Frank Borsage can help Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond make it anything but a period piece this time. Gene Raymond as the lover of Mynonene Clare! Such things wouldn't happen if Irving Thalberg were still in control at Metro.

Here are those comedies I promised:

1. "Charley's Aunt," which has Mr. Benny. He is the only man except Mr. Hope who can make me laugh for an hour and a half straight, and I'll guarantee he can do it for you, too.

2. "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which I am going to leave as a surprise. If you know what it's about, don't tell a soul. Just wait and take my word that it's the most unusual picture you are likely to see all year.

3. "The Feminine Touch"—One of those sophisticated husband-and-wife affairs like "This Thing Called Love" and "That Uncertain Feeling." In it are Kay Francis and Don Ameche. Also Rosalind Russell, who is the screen's dearest comedienne. There is subtle dialogue, a situation or two bordering on slapstick and a fantastic dream sequence reminiscent of "Tom, Dick and Harry." (A honey of a picture, that, by the way. As perfect of its type as "Love Affair" or "The Awful Truth.")

4. "Skylark"—Remember the gorgeous comic portions of "Arise, My Love"? Here are the same people: Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and Walter Abel, plus Binnie Barnes and Brian Aherne. It's another variation on the marital mix-up theme. Probably slight in plot, probably brittle as to dialogue, but sure to be as effervescent as that "Blue Champagne" we keep hearing about. And now, people, having done my duty by you as I see it, I shall retire to the chimney corner and wait for the brickbats to fall.

CHEMISTRY QUIZ

Describe:

1. Chlorine—A dancer in a night club.
2. Antimony—Fee collected by wives smart enough to leave their husbands.
3. Carbon—Storage place for street cars.
4. Barium—What you do to corpses.
5. Centimeter—A hundred-legged worm-like animal.
6. Indicator—Place where chickens are hatched.
7. Burette—Funny looking hat worn by artists.
8. Flask—measuring vessel carried on hip, graduated in fingers.
9. Precipitate—To take part in something.
10. Plaster of Paris—Building material used in France.
11. Nitrate—Special price on telegrams and telephone messages after dark.
12. Vacuum—A large empty place where the Pope lives.
13. Combustion—When two elements get together and throw things off.

—Blue and White, '40.

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NEVER AGAIN

By W. O. MITCHELL

Some instants early in the time of our lives never leave us; they last like footprints made in cool, setting cement, by a barefoot boy on a hot summer day. Echoes of an old disappointment, or sorrow, or jubilation, linger. Lasting impressions may be left by simple things—a sunset that hurt around the heart—the warm newness of baking bread. Emotion colors these and will not let them fade.

I can remember the numb stillness of a prairie day when I was ten. . . . Above my mother and me, a staring blue sky yawned to the horizon, and on either side of us still, tan fields stretched tirelessly away. An amorous sun was kissing the back of my neck; the whole cemetery was steeping hot with prairie sun. Hot and still.

There was none of the rustling expectancy of forest silence which waits for the raucous call of crows' caws. The silence was that of never again, the stillness of the absence of the voice of one who has died. Somewhere, a hidden gopher squeaked.

Wind stirred in the grass around my father's grave, whispering, it teased down a wisp of my mother's hair, laid it along her cheek to the corner of her mouth; it stirred the butter-yellow wings of a butterfly resting on the granite headstone; it bowed past a skeleton tumbleweed. I didn't like the wind. My mother was crying.

My mother's crying filled me with

an inexplicable sadness, an unusual sadness. Tears are most likely to make a ten-year-old boy uncomfortable, not sad. I knew that my mother was crying because she missed my father; because six years were not long enough to forget. Still, it wasn't knowing that that made my throat ache; I didn't understand; I had been only five when my father died.

I watched the butterfly's wings blinking yellow over the prairie grass. Butterflies are brainless things the way they fly. Quite close, I saw the tan back of a gopher, rolling as he ran. He stopped up on to his hind legs, eyed us suspiciously for a long moment, then dropped to gambol again on hushed feet. A bluebird sliced by in one brief flash of brilliance. In the shimmering serenity of the prairie's silence, not one of these living things was real; they had been robbed of their realness. They were shadows. Prairie stillness was death.

It was then I knew the utterness of my mother's loneliness. I knew it was a loneliness that seemed to last for always, poignant as prairie silence with just wind whispering through dry, prairie grass, forever. Suddenly, in the stillness that made shadows of living things, pure and clear as rain drops falling through sunshine, the fluting notes of a meadow lark, startled. And they were real.

I looked up at my mother. She was smiling through her tears.

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Features

Are Sweater Girls Justified? A Student Gives His Opinion

By Jonathan Scapin

The other day a young lady entered our class, and there arose concordantly a long whistle of appreciation for her look and her bearing. I was glad to be present at the refutation of Epstein's sneer about our "enfeebled generation." Intense though his "Genesis" may be, we, the males, look for delicately moulded, more gracious and natural women. And the spontaneous tribute to which I have referred is a sign of returning vigour and a more salutary attitude. We find women good to look upon.

It is of the greatest importance that we retain an ever-present consciousness of women's worth. This age-long realization of the attrac-

tiveness of women will serve to turn men from modern passive enjoyment of movies, games and excessive expenditure, to the active building and maintenance of a home.

Here man has a distinctive advantage over other animals. In wild animals, what we may term sex-appreciation is periodic, functioning only in certain seasons. Indeed, in some humans, especially the aboriginal families of the inner Australian desert, there is only marked differentiation between male and female during certain times of the year. But in civilized countries it has become necessary that women be agreeable to men all the year round.

"The level of fertility in the more highly industrialized countries has now sunk below the limit at which no concomitant fall in mortality can prevent a continuous decline of population unless married people can be induced to have larger families," —Hogben.

In England and Wales, of fertility and mortality remain at their present level indefinitely, the population will be just one-half of its present size one hundred years hence. Thus women and the family must regain their position as man's first concern. We must learn to look upon birth as a natural, splendid event, to be hoped for and eagerly awaited, and not as an unauthorized encroachment of nurses habits.

A recognition of the potential of human welfare inherent in existing scientific knowledge will reveal the features of our modern life that are propitious to fertility.

There are several; I have indicated one important related factor.

"Unwilling, I reveal a loftier mystic solitude as throned the Goddesses, No Space around them, Place and Time still less; Only to speak of them embarrasses, They are the Mothers!" —Mephistopheles.

YOURS

Love of country
Love of life
Joy in friendship
And comrades true.
Endurance of hardship
Work and strife
These are your loves
That will not betray.
To love the truth
And want to do
The will of God
And the laws of man.
To smile at all
And cheerful be
To every living creature.
Jealous of none
And quick to recall
That there is a love
Meant for you alone.
And when your life
Has run its gamut
O'er its long years
You will meditate
And dream of love,
The love of life itself
That will have been.
—Your very own.
—Athenaeum.

Carnival Manager — Where's the Human Fly? He seems to be missing?
Assistant—He can't perform today. His wife swatted him.

First Flea—What's the matter, Joe? Toothache?
Second Ditto—Nope. Tried to bite an iron dog.

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Programs for Week of Nov. 23-29

Tuesday, November 25—

2:00—The Child in Wartime, CBC.
2:15—Program resume.
2:30—Musical Interlude.
3:15—CBC News and Musical Interlude.
3:30—Wishart Campbell Sings, CBC.
3:45—BBC News, CBC.
4:00—Masters of the Piano.
4:30—The Book Chat, Miss O'Connor.
4:45—Victor Record Album.
5:30—Singers Past and Present.
6:00—Dinner Music.
6:30—Toronto Symphony Hour, CBC.
7:30—Symphony Hour, Shorter Works.
8:00—CBC News.
8:15—Current Events.
9:00—Curtain Going Up.
9:15—Chorus Time.
9:30—Theatre Time from Vancouver, CBC.

Wednesday, November 26—

3:00—Program resume.
3:15—CBC News and Musical Interlude.
3:30—Mirror for Women.
3:45—BBC News, CBC.
4:00—Light Orchestral Music.
4:30—Health Period, Dr. G. H. Malmon.
4:45—Piano Interlude.
5:00—The Band Entertains.
5:30—Children's Play.
5:45—Music for the Young.
6:00—Sweet and Mellow, CBC.
6:30—Swing Trio, CBC.
6:45—Janet Jordan, CBC.

7:00—Symphony Hour, Opera.
8:00—CBC News.
8:15—Farm Forum, H. R. Webb.
8:30—University Musical Club.
9:00—Gateway News.
9:15—Listeners Lure.
9:30—Student Players.

Thursday, November 27—

3:00—Program resume.
3:15—CBC News and Musical Interlude.
3:30—Wishart Campbell, CBC.
3:45—BBC News.
4:00—Violin Virtuoso.
4:30—What Can I Do?
4:45—Victor Record Album.
5:30—Songs and Their Singers.
6:00—Dinner Music.
6:15—Interlude, Elizabeth Reynolds Cameron.
6:30—The Overture.
7:00—Symphony Hour.
8:00—CBC News.
8:15—Farm Forum, Mr. T. L. Jones.
8:30—The Chortlers, CBC.
9:00—French Correspondence Course.
9:15—"Encore".
9:30—Drama Series from Winnipeg, CBC, "Depth Charges".

Friday, November 28—

3:00—Program resume.
3:15—CBC News and Music Interlude.
3:30—Homemakers Program, CBC.
3:45—BBC News.
4:00—Operatic Excerpts.
4:30—Instrumental Interlude.
4:45—Musical Medley.
5:30—Symphonic Excerpts.
6:00—Serenade for Strings, CBC.
6:30—Drama Series from Montreal, CBC.
7:00—Symphony Hour, Requests.
8:00—CBC News.
8:15—Farm Forum, A. G. McCalla.
8:30—South American Serenade, CBC.
9:00—Handicrafts, Leathercraft.
9:15—Piano Interlude.
9:30—Drama from Vancouver, CBC.

Saturday, November 29—

11:00—Program resume.
11:30—Junior Farm Forum.
12:00—Metropolitan Opera.

Schedule For House League Basketball Is Arranged

House League Basketball is again getting under way with seven teams entered in the league, which is being managed by Chris Wilcox. The four women's fraternities, Pi Beta Phi, Delta Delta Delta, Kappa Alpha Theta, and Delta Gamma are all entering teams plus a team from the College of Education, the Nurses and Overtown. The Overtown team includes all girls not eligible for any of the other six teams. Anyone interested in playing on this team should communicate with Kay Lind. The games are to be played on Wednesday evening in Athabasca Gym from 7:30-9:30. House League basketball is part of the women's inter-mural athletic program.

The following is the schedule:

November 19:
7:30—Pi Beta Phi vs. Delta Gamma.
8:10—Kappa Alpha Theta vs. College of Education.
8:45—Nurses vs. Overtown.

November 26:
Delta Delta Delta vs. Kappa Alpha Theta.
Delta Gamma vs. Overtown.
Nurses vs. Pi Beta Phi.

December 3:
Delta Delta Delta vs. College of Education.
Pi Beta Phi vs. Overtown.
Delta Gamma vs. Delta Delta Delta.

December 10:
Kappa Alpha Theta vs. Nurses.
College of Education vs. Overtown.
Delta Delta Delta vs. Pi Beta Phi.

January 7:
Delta Gamma vs. Kappa Alpha Theta.

Nurses vs. Delta Delta Delta.
Pi Beta Phi vs. College of Education.

January 14:
Delta Delta Delta vs. Overtown.
Delta Gamma vs. Nurses.
Kappa Alpha Theta vs. Pi Beta Phi.

January 21:
Delta Gamma vs. College of Education.
Overtown vs. Kappa Alpha Theta.
Nurses vs. College of Education.

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THEATRE DIRECTORY

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL, now showing—"Honky Tonk," with Clark Gable and Lana Turner.

EMPRESS, Tues., Wed., Thurs. — "The Maltese Falcon," with Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor, and "Moonlight Over Her Shoulder," with Lynn Bari, Alan Mowbray and John Sutton.

GARNEAU, now showing—"The Awful Truth," with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne; also "Lost Horizon," with Ronald Colman.

PRINCESS, now showing — "City for Conquest," with James Cagney; also "Out West With the Peppers," "Coming Wed. and Thurs.—"The Trial of Mary Duggan," also "Jungle Cavalcade," with Frank Buck. Special Feature, Wed. night only—Edmonton Junior Symphony Orchestra with 25 young artists.

STRAND, Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 18, 19, 20—Bette Davis and James Cagney in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," and Jack Larue in "Paper Bullets."

ODEON THEATRES

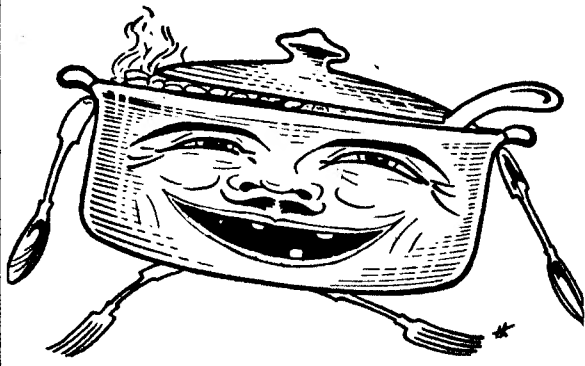
RIALTO, now playing until Friday—"International Lady," with George Brent, Basil Rathbone and Ilona Massey.

AVENUE, for three days starting Wednesday—"South of Suez," with George Brent, and "Tugboat Annie Sails Again," with Marjorie Rambeau.

VARSCONA, for three days starting Wednesday—"Arise, My Love," with Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, and "Reno," with Richard Dix.

ROXY, for three days starting Wednesday—"Four Mothers," with Lane Sisters, and "Life With Henry," starring Jackie Cooper.

CASSEROLE



Jim—I smell a rat.
Joe—Don't get personal.

Bob—Were you ever bent on a certain girl?
Harry—No, but I've been broke on lots of them.

She was only a garbage-man's daughter, but she was not to be sniffed at.

The Boss—On your way to Smith and Sons you will pass a beer parlor.

Office Boy (college man working during summer)—Yes, sir.
The Boss—Well, pass it.

The patient in a mental hospital was observed by the attendant to be hitting his head with a large rock. The inquisitive attendant approached him and asked: "Why do you keep hitting your head with that rock?"
"Cause it feels so swell when I quit."

A go-getter is a man who runs out of gas three miles from a filling station.

An optimist is a guy who thinks his wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.

THE TANGLE O' THE ISLES

(Continued from Page 3)

men keep throwing the outside matter into the centre. The surrounding area is lit up by a red glow, and occasionally tongues of flames shoot out. Warm work! When raking is completed, the mass is spaded down, and the men move on to the next pit.

After the kelp has cooled for at least a week, it is raised by a crowbar. Much of it sticks together in lumps, and the remainder is in the form of a powder, the whole being greenish-grey in color. It is carted to long windowless stores, which protect it from the wind and the rain. When a ship arrives, it is again loaded on carts and taken to the ship's side. Loading in the store is heavy work, and the chemical odor is sometimes so pungent that the noses of the loaders bleed, forcing the men to go out in the air until the bleeding stops. Usually a pall of ale is standing just inside the huge door, and it is amusing to see the sardonic smiles on bearded faces when the young males shoot signs of having "smelt a cork," and send the heavy kelp streaming on to the carts. The kelp is dumped on the quay, other workers shovel it into tubs, a donkey-engine hoists it on to the ship, and it is stowed in the hold. When all is aboard the hatch is covered with canvas, and battened down. The sails are spread, hawsers and ropes are cast off, and the ship heads south, bound for Boness, on the Firth of Forth. There iodine is extracted, and many by-products are obtained from the ashes of the sea-forests.

The amount of kelp made in Orkney is dwindling as the years roll by. The returns are meagre, and are used to supplement that of the craft, or that of uncertain inshore fishing. During the last fifty years emigration from the isles has been so great

that the remaining people easily find more lucrative employment in other occupations. The isles have changed during recent years in a variety of ways, but the greatest changes have been in houses. Many old cottages have been torn down and rebuilt. Some of these old houses had housed generations of the same line. One kelper, who always took a smoldering peat from his hearth to kindle his pit, claimed that his house-fire, fed by himself or by his forebears, had burned continuously for over two hundred years. Sons of kelpers have spread all over the globe, and the mail arriving daily, or twice weekly at Orkney post offices, bears a variety of stamps. The exiles like nothing better than a trip home; many of them live for that. In their hearts is always the song:

"O, the blue islands are pulling me away!
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame.
O, the blue islands from the skerries to the Lewes,
With heather honey taste upon each name!
Sure! by Tummel, and Loch Rannoch, and Lochaber I will go,
By heather tracks with Heaven in their wiles.
If it's thinking in your inner heart braggart's in my step,
You've never smelt the tangle o' the isles.
O, a far crooning is pulling me away,
As step I wi' my cromach to the isles."

The road to the Orcaes lies neither by Tummel in the Trossachs, nor by Sheil Waters in Sutherlandshire. It goes from Leith, past the Isle o' May, past the Inchcape Rock with its lighthouse throwing out blue and white beams, past Buchan Ness, Fatray Head, and Fraserburgh, and over the Moray Firth. As the boat

Once each year it is our policy to put Casserole on an outside page, so that fans will not have to take the trouble to open the paper at page two.

The shades of night were falling fast
As by a lady's window passed
A youth who, with his upraised eyes,
Was looking only at the skies.
Like Kelly was.

Boss—I can't imagine what I'd do without you.
Secretary—Well, I've been here a year, and you still haven't imagined what you could do with me, honey.

A Varsity girl approached the information desk at the tourist camp and asked for a road map.
"Here you are," said the clerk.
"Well, I hope I won't go wrong," replied the girl.
"With that map," retorted the clerk, "you can't possibly."

Confucius say: When twice as many girls as men at party, petting two to one.

A true music lover is one who, upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.

"How old would a person be who was born in 1890?"
"Man or woman?"

It is easy to see that cigarettes ruin a woman's complexion. Smoke is always hard on paint.

"Do you know what wears out the most shoe leather?"
"No."
"That's right."

Male Students . .

After partaking of that Tuck Date Coke, why not step into the conveniently located Barber Shop next door. The VARSITY BARBER SHOP always gives efficient, courteous service.

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